

What Will the Senators Do?

Mall Service to Buenos Ayres.

A New Jersey Peace Junket.

at 10 a measure, therefore, to record that on May 4 Judge DILL broke all his own records for being the early bird. It is true that he modestly shared the honor with Judge FRANCIS J. SWATZ of the Supreme Court of New Jersey and the Hon. HOWARD CARROW, formerly a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, but Judge DILL was the Macgregor of the party, and to his genius for doing things must be attributed their dashing entry into Wilmington to attend the North Carolina peace conference. Their commissions bore the signature of Governor J. FRANKLIN FOLT, who was detained at Trenton by a previous engagement. They came ready to make the peace conference

Term 3.

Directions for mailing the pledge, and the announcement "Additional cards for the asking" complete the printing on this specimen of third term literature. There is no sign of a postage stamp having been affixed to the envelope, nothing to indicate that postage had been paid on it, nothing to suggest that it is not distributed free of cost by the rural free delivery postman under pay of the United States Government.

Mr. A. G. VANDERBILT, who opened this season on the classic Brighton road last week, which road he apparently now has to himself, is not the first American to assist in the English "revival." Twenty or thirty years ago Mr. TIFFANY horsed and drove a Brighton coach for one season, and well known "on the bench" in England for longer than that was Colonel JOE LANCEY KANE. Mr. VANDERBILT's enterprise is the most purely American, for he has imported all the thirty-four horses he is using from this side.

with the zeal of paid professionals. Mr. JOHN WARDE, for instance, to take one of "Nimrod's" friends, "worked a great deal on the heavy Gloucester, and often had the sole charge of it, for it had no guard at that time, so that he had to lock and unlock the wheels, and see to the regular business of the road. Once he drove from London to Gloucester (110 miles), and after taking some slight refreshment, back again."

This WARDE, by the way, was the man who when impelled to diet against god remarked: "My stomach thinks my throat is cut."

Since it is necessary to cut short these tempting memories one may recall, if any justification is needed of our American coachman on the Brighton road, that the first recorded amateur of the four-in-hand art in England was a personage no less applauded in modern America than OLIVER CROMWELL. The

A Playwright of the Second Empire

There is no adequate remedy at law for the brutal outrage experienced by Mrs. CORA B. HEEREN when she was arrested in a sleeping car and taken off a train at Utica by a blundering police officer on suspicion of being a notorious murderer. The arrest was made on the information of two passengers who had concluded that Mrs. HEEREN looked like a newspaper cut of the woman wanted. Mrs. HEEREN offered ample evidence of mistaken identification, and was corroborated by a travelling companion, also a woman. Nevertheless Mrs. HEEREN was haled to a police station in Syracuse and put through an offensive physical examination. Her only remedy is to sue for false arrest the police officer who took her off the train.

We have in past years given our earnest thoughts to the full sweep of the subject of pie and may return to the subject when occasion invites. At present but a mere segment of the theme is brought to our mind by the *Traveller's* boast that there yet live in New England "Puritanesses to say the first and last word on pie."

Then let some properly informed Puritaness tell of apple pie. We speak not of hanging and foot walls of dough laced with apple sauce, nor of latticed tarts nor of frozen faces and confederates of the real. We mean the kind of pie that once dream half forgotten, a once radiant vision, dimmed by time, the memory of a childhood ecstasy. This perfection of pie was but once with a

TAFT IN THE SOUTH

A GOOD WORD FOR THE POLICE

innovations

He felt that his laurels were secure.

From failing to properly train
They treated me really quite badly—
But there, I'll not get in that rut,
When beaten acknowledge it gladly.

The way they lied:
"Outside!" they'd cry
When I would play—
And that's how I
Was best that day.

Cardinal Newman's Last Years.

NEW YORK, May 9.

OLD AGE PENSIONS

Hotel Accommodations in India.

Bocker—That is exactly what I think of all of them.

Evolution.
Mary had a little hat,
Not bigger than a stopper.
Mary soon got rid of that—
Her present hat's a whepper.

The Colosseum and the Forum.

We could safely have stayed longer, for to believe the evening damp no longer brings danger of malarial fever, which people used to take for the Colosseum, unless I am the victim of the signal case of Daisy Mills. Indeed, I believe, got it there by moonlight; but now people visit the place by moonlight in safety—and there are even certain nights of the season advertised when you may see it by the varicolored lights of the fireworks set off in it. My impression of it was quite vivid enough without that, and the vision of the Colosseum remained, and still remains, the immense skeleton of the stupendous form stripped of all integumental charm and